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THE UNITARIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR FREE CHRISTIANS

Khasi Hills Special 12-page Issue

This issue has been prepared by the Rev. Margaret Barr and her pupils at Kharang Rural Centre in the Khasi Hills of Assam. It tells an exciting story of Unitarian pioneering. The map of the Khasi and Jaintia Hills district on page 67 has been revised from previously published maps by Miss Barr's pupils. The photo on this page shows Mr. I. B. Turkman with a group of Khasi children by the beehive outside the kitchen door at the Rural Centre, and was taken last year.

KHASI RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

By Margaret Barr

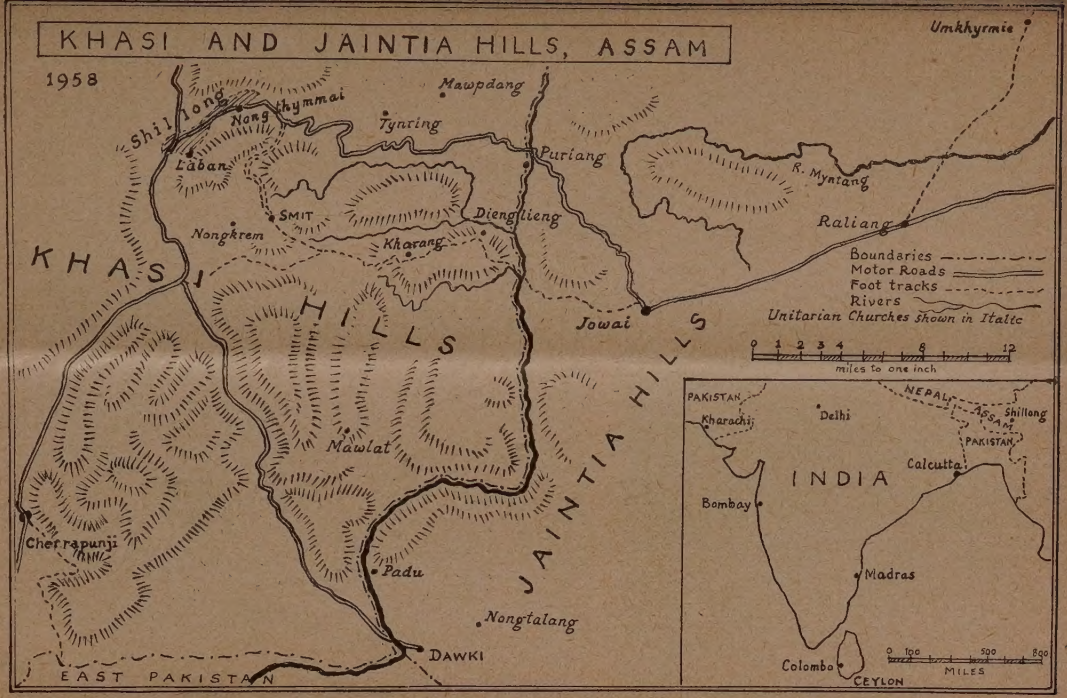
In 1933 I came to India. In 1947, 14 years later, India became a free country. Now, in 1958, I am trying to summarise my work of the last 25 years and assess its future prospects. The second of those dates has more relevance than might at first appear. I shall try to make that relevance clear.

When, in October, 1933, I gave up my position as a Unitarian minister

in England and came to India, I did so on the invitation of, and as the friend of Indians, and for the express purpose of teaching Comparative Religion in an Indian School containing children of many different faiths. There was, of course, no question of my being a missionary, and I did not even represent Unitarians except in a purely private capacity. Early in 1936, when I came to settle in the Khasi Hills for the primary purpose of helping an already existing Unitarian movement, the situation changed, and even more when, in 1937, I became the official representative of the G.A. in India; and ever since, in spite of my repeated protests and explanations, the name "missionary" has dogged my steps. But my two and a half years in Calcutta living among cultured, educated Indians, mostly Hindus, had shown me very clearly that in India the word "missionary" means one whose primary aim is to convert from one religion to another. Whatever else in the way of good works they may do is subsidiary to the major aim. It was therefore quite clearly something that no Unitarian could possibly be. My Calcutta friends being well-mannered and kindly folk, what was not then made clear to me, though it emerged little by little during the following years as India plunged deeper and deeper into the national freedom movement, was the extent to which those bearing the name missionary were regarded with suspicion by Indians as being the h a n d m a i d s of imperialism. A sympathetic following of the national struggle, combined during recent years with a fairly detailed study of Indian history, and a still more recent second reading of that remarkable book "Glimpses of World History" by India's Prime Minister, have made good some of the defects of my early history teaching, and given me both understanding of, and the deepest sympathy for, the attitude taken by free India to the missionaries in her midst. Never having made any attempt to proselytise, and having been since before I came to India almost as passionately anti-imperialist as Nehru himself, my own position has never been in jeopardy, as it very well might have been had I encouraged my friends in other countries to think and write of the "Khasi Hills Mission."

What has all this got to do with my work in the Khasi Hills? Everything. From the start I knew that if I were to concentrate on converting Khasis to Unitarianism I should have no right to repudiate the word missionary; whereas if I were to concentrate on general educational work for any Khasi people who chose to avail themselves of it, Unitarian and non-Unitarian, I could help the Unitarian movement and widen the sphere of my influence without in any way whatever betraying my principles as a Unitarian and a firm believer in the Gandhian teaching of the essential oneness of all true religion.

Moreover, when I discovered that the new scheme of Basic Education launched by Mahatma Gandhi was completely in harmony with all my own ideals of education, not only on the religious side but on every side, I knew that the next thing I must do was to pioneer Basic Education in the Khasi Hills. And for one year I was Principal of the Government training centre in Shillong. But this was only till enough Khasis were trained to take over, as I had no intention of surrendering my liberty as a pioneer by remaining indefinitely in Government service. Then, having helped to launch Basic Education in the Khasi Hills, and feeling that it could be safely left to the Government and the Khasis, my next idea was to concentrate on work for the Unitarian churches.


KHASI AND JAINTIA HILLS, ASSAM
1958
Shillong
Nongthymmai
Mawpdang
Tynring
Puriang
Laban
SMIT
Nongkrem
Kharang
Diengiieng
R. Myntang
Raliang
Umkhyrmie
KHASI HILLS
JAINTIA HILLS
Jowai
Mawlat
Cherrapunji
Padu
Nongtalang
DAWKI
EAST PAKISTAN
Boundaries
Motor Roads
Foot tracks
Rivers
Unitarian Churches shown in Italic
0 1 2 3 4 8 12
miles to one inch
PAKISTAN
NEPAL
Kharachi
Delhi
ASSAM
Shillong
PAKISTAN
Calcutta
INDIA
Bombay
Madras
Colombo
CEYLON
0 100 500 800
MILES

One thing that had become increasingly clear with every year that I had lived in India was the necessity to live amongst the people one would help. It is useless to live in a town and expect to do anything valuable for the villages. For many years I worked in Shillong, and nearly all the Unitarian graduates and matriculates who have emerged during the last few years, and are emerging annually, have had their early education in one or other of my schools. That is all to the good, but by 1948 I had decided that just providing graduates for the town churches was not good enough, and if I was to do anything valuable for the villages I must go and live in one. I therefore selected Kharang, the most centrally situated of all the villages with a Unitarian church, and there I have lived ever since.

At first I intended only to train young Unitarians, but when I found that there was a complete dearth of any with adequate education willing to live even for a few months as far in the interior as Kharang, I decided to open another school — this time only for village children, but to make it, like all my previous schools, accessible to any children who wanted to come, Unitarian and non-Unitarian alike. I had not intended or wanted to do this. My whole desire on moving to Kharang was to concentrate on work for the churches, and it was at first with real reluctance that I turned myself once more into a school teacher. "My desires are many and my cries pitiful" sings Tagore, "but ever didst Thou save me by hard refusals, and this strong mercy has been wrought into my life through and through." Never in all my life has the truth of those words been so clear, and never has it been so certain that what seemed at the time to be a "hard refusal" was in reality a "strong mercy." For now, five years after the decision to go back to school, it is abundantly clear that this little Rural Centre is doing and is destined to do far more important things than it would ever have done had it become only a training centre for leaders of the Unitarian churches.

The school only started in 1953, but already it has put into active service one junior school teacher and three village midwives, all the products of three years' schooling here, followed in the case of the teacher by one year's—and in the case of the midwives two years'—specialised training. But the educational background of these four is very meagre, so meagre in fact that when I wanted to send the three girls for the full midwifery course, they were not accepted, in spite of having done excellently in the preliminary course, being most strongly recommended by the Assamese lady doctor who had trained them. Their schooling had taken them only to the top of the Middle School, and the minimum standard for the full midwifery course is at least two years in High School. This must not happen again. My children must have more schooling. So what? Let them pass the Senior from here, and then go away to existing High Schools? Apart from the fact that that would mean an expense which neither I nor any of the parents could sustain, there is the even more vital consideration that all the existing High Schools are in towns, and long experience has taught me that to send adolescent village boys and girls to town to school is to ruin them for village life and rural work. That course, therefore, would mean the ruination of my treasured plan to turn out from my school a number of young villagers with an education adequate to enable them to become first class workers in many different branches of rural work. Already the present group of children are beginning to get an idea of how varied and interesting such work can be. They are in daily

touch with the work of the Health Department of the K.R.C. They see the steady stream of villagers from miles around coming to our dispenser and midwife for medicine and advice. They know that both these people are doing absorbing, interesting and quite invaluable work for the villagers. They are learning weaving and silkworm rearing, carpentry, knitting and bee-keeping, and discovering how necessary it is to have expert teachers if they are themselves to become expert. They all know something of farming, but their school studies are teaching them that many of the methods used by their fathers are at worst ruining the land by soil erosion, and even at best are far behind the methods in use in other countries and more enlightened parts of India. Again the need for expert guidance becomes obvious. They all do some animal rearing, but have little idea what to do if a cow or sheep falls sick. And there is only one trained Khasi working in the Veterinary Department of the Government of Assam, so when an epidemic breaks out it is a Bengali or an Assamese, knowing no Khasi, and so unable to talk to the farmers, who is sent to deal with the situation. Last but not least, in their daily classes with me they see something of the fun that lies in being a teacher in a Senior School for village children, and are perhaps beginning to get a glimpse of the joy and satisfaction I get from seeing their young minds steadily unfolding, absorbing knowledge, and developing skills undreamed of a year and a half ago. That some of these at present in my senior class will be still here as full-time trained teachers running the school under my supervision, is my hope and dream for five years from now. And in other branches of rural welfare work there will be no shortage of posts for Khasis who have obtained the required standard of education and are willing to work in the interior.

Phinos Ranee, Miss Barr's foster-daughter, carrying firewood in a Khasi conical marketing basket.

There is no doubt that the future prospects of this work are very much more hopeful than they were when I started the school, and when Bruce Findlow wrote "Kharang" in 1953. One of the major aims of the Indian Republic is to achieve freedom from want and ignorance for all her citizens, and already tremendous strides have been made. But the interior of the Khasi Hills where the K.R.C. and our little Unitarian churches are situated is one of the areas as yet almost untouched by Government schemes. When that ceases to be the case the K.R.C. will no longer be required as a private institution, and my hope is that it will then be merged with and financed by Government schemes operating in the locality. But that time may be five or even ten years ahead, and in the meanwhile our work is of the utmost value to hundreds who have no-one else to turn to in times of sickness and

distress, nor have the children of the area any other school to go to when they have outgrown the Junior School in their own village.

And what of the Unitarian Churches? My aim from the start has been to "build up the movement from the bottom by helping them to get educated leaders from amongst themselves." That sentence must have passed my lips hundreds of times in giving addresses in various parts of the world. Every year adds to the number of educated Khasi Unitarians capable of understanding their faith and doing battle for it when required, of reading English books and periodicals to widen and deepen their understanding, and of producing in Khasi a steady supply of reading material for their less well-educated brethren. One of my tasks during the next five years will be to devote some of my school holidays to holding Leadership Courses for any of these young folk who care to make the effort to visit Kharang for the purpose. An encouraging, though small, start was made last winter, and some of the same young people are planning to come again in October this year. It is my unshakable belief that the Khasi Unitarian Churches will begin to make real headway when and only when their leaders stop complaining about being orphans ever since the death of their founder, and begin to trust themselves as the heirs and successors of the great man who founded their church and whose praises they are never tired of singing, Hajom Kissor Singh. To help some of them to become courageous and self-reliant, knowing in whom they have trusted, and able to give good reasons for the faith that is in them — this has always been and still is the key-note of my work with the Khasi Unitarians.

Note.—"*U*" is Khasi for *Mr.* and "*Kong*" for *Miss.*

ECONOMIES AT K.R.C.

By G. Mabel Beames

It is a principle here that everything shall be used to the best advantage, and used completely. No waste please—not even of tea leaves, potato pealings or banana skins. As for bread or cake crumbs, they are far too precious to throw out to the birds. (The birds would not get them anyway; the ants would, and they certainly should not be encouraged). Every morsel of food unfit for human consumption is given to cows, hens or cats, in the hope that the two former will turn them into milk or eggs—or at least manure for the garden — and that the last will favour the Centre by continuing to keep it free from mice. Nowhere can the music of saucepan-scraping be louder or longer, as the last film of food is removed, with the aid of a little hot water, and deposited in its appropriate container.

The rule applies to everything, you would not carelessly fill a kettle with water and put it on the fire. Water has to be carried, and firewood not only has to be carried but bought with good rupees as well. So you put in *only* as much water as you are likely to need. Fires are put out immediately they have served their purpose, and the smoking logs carried outside if necessary, for use when next wanted. You do not buy scouring powders to remove grease or soot from cooking pots; you use a mixture of soap and charcoal. You buy the minimum of paper for writing. Slates are the vogue for much schoolwork, exercise books being used only for work required for reference or revision later on. As Kong Barr has a large incoming as well as outgoing post, the backs of letters and the clean side of opened envelopes are much in demand for making rough notebooks. Flattened kerosene tins are used for many purposes — from

"Summit" used to be slang for something: now it's diplomacy for nothing!

draught excluders to baking tins. Oil for lighting is economised by Kong Barr's private daylight-saving scheme, whereby her clocks always say "Getting-up Time" (4.30 a.m.) just one hour before sunrise. As this hour is used for morning prayers, tea, and community hymns and songs, the firelight supplemented by a tiny rag-wick lamp is sufficient for the whole family; every hour of daylight is available for work or play, and big lamps are needed in the evenings for the shortest possible time, if at all. As we are almost the only owners of clocks in the neighbourhood, our time need not synchronise with anyone else's.

It is well understood that torn clothing is best mended, and in a general way holes are taboo, but no one attempts to match materials. A plain cotton may be patched with a check, or a check with a flowered print, and any combination of colours is permissible. This mixed patching is common among the villagers and not peculiar to the Centre, but many examples of persevering workmanship are to be seen here, all done with large needles and no thimbles. Perhaps the piece de resistance is Kong Barr's socks—only worn in cold weather, by the way. By a skilful plan of knitting and seaming she has evolved a design which allows worn heels, soles and toes to be quickly removed and re-knitted, while ankle and instep remain intact. She spends no valuable time considering colour schemes, and the blaze of colour which meets the eye sometimes when she takes off her shoes would do credit to a Teddy Boy or Bobby Soxer.

Of course these thrift measures are not practised just for fun. They are a real necessity if maximum funds are to be available for more important work.

But the really Spartan economy is in the matter of water towards the end of the dry season when tanks are getting low. What you can do with half a pint of water, when you have to would fill a book. Then it is not a choice of spending money on one thing or saving it for something else. You are up against the dire need for skilled water engineers. Plenty of water comes out of the sky, but it is allowed to run away. What a richness and abundance of life education will one day bring to these hills!

A DAY AT KHARANG RURAL CENTRE

By the Senior English Class

Here in our school we are full of joy. We get up at 4.30 in the morning and as soon as we have got up we have prayers, sing one of the hymns we have learnt and some songs while we are waiting for the kettle to boil, and then we have tea. As soon as we have finished tea, we sing again till the darkness has gone. Then we have English class while Kong Barr is cooking: she teaches us while she cooks. Then we have breakfast at 7.30. After the washing up we have classes again from 8 to 10.30 with Kong Barr and then we have Khasi with Bah Dran or Kong Maida till 11.30.

After class we go to work outside for about an hour and then we have lunch. As soon as we have finished lunch we divide into groups; there are some children who go to weave, some who go to learn knitting or typing, and the rest go to work in the garden.

Each of us has her and his own duties. All the biggest children teach Khasi and arithmetic to the ones who came new this year. Then at 4 o'clock these five biggest children have one more class while the others do the evening cooking. At 5.30 we have supper and if it is fine we play outside for about an hour before coming in to do homework or play games till nearly 8 o'clock. Then we have evening prayers and at 8 o'clock we go to bed.

The boys look after the cows and hens, and milk the cows morning and evening.

On Saturday we do not have classes. As soon as it is light we clean up all the houses and the garden. After breakfast we write the school diary, then we all go to the river to bathe and wash clothes.

On Sunday the children whose homes are near go home. Some of the others go to church and in the evening we have a service which we children take turns to conduct.

At the end of every month we work out all the weather records and accounts.

There is not only a school at the Kharang Rural Centre, but there is also a clinic and dispensary. Every day and especially on Sundays from early morning till evening there are many patients coming for medicine from the villages around. Sometimes also in the night people come and wake up Bah Dran and Kong Maida who are the workers in the clinic and dispensary. They have a very busy life so that often they have no time to take our Khasi class. Sometimes too, a patient is brought who is too ill to go back home and has to stay here, although we have no hospital.

Last week a policeman from another part of India who knew no Khasi but who had been sent to the next village on duty, was brought here on a stretcher with dysentery, and had to stay for three days until he was strong enough to walk back to Shillong.

Another time a baby was brought who had been badly burnt. He was here for a month and then, in spite of Kong Maida's and Bah Dran's loving care, he died. Another time Bah Dran was called to a little girl who had swallowed a coin and was choking. Another patient came with a fish hook in his fingers. Kong Maida's patients are mostly mothers and babies, but she often has to give medicine when Bah Dran is out visiting. As there is no doctor or hospital nearer than Shillong, 16 miles away, and no motor road to take patients to hospital, both Bah Dran and Kong Maida have to be very brave and very clever.

THIS UNITARIANISM?

"Let no one say that it is difficult to know what Unitarianism is, or that it contains no area of agreement . . . Instead of a creed, it agrees to follow the living truth, and sets its people free to do so Instead of ritual pieties, it asks devotion to the deeds that mak the world more righteous and it people just. It separates itself from no company of believers, Christian or otherwise, except as they deny its claim for freedom. It asks no wid dominion for its institutions; only a liberty of access for its faith. It trusts that, in the years before u Unitarian freedom will be claimed in all denominations, all communions; and meanwhile, it must humbly do its best to lead the way."

A. Powell Davies.

HILDREN'S CORNER

Snakes at Kharang

By G. Mabel Beames

"Do you want to see a snake, Mabel?" called Margaret from her terrace some 50 feet below mine. Hurrying down the craggy steps I saw it lying on the garden bed, about a yard long and as inert as a piece of rope.

"Call one of the boys," she said.

"What's Khasi for snake?" said I.

"Don't worry, just tell them to come."

Back I went, returning with Kir. Kir looked, scratched his head a moment, then went back for Blan. Blan arrived carrying a chopper. He took one glance at the snake, chose a stick from a pile of unused tea sticks, chopped off the side twigs and sharpened it to a point. He raised his arm and brought it down with a thwack just behind the snake's head. Up went his arm again, and this time he aimed the point straight through the head, pinning it to the ground. When he raised his arm once more the snake was dangling on the end of the stick. It was quickly and neatly done.

Another day Margaret called and I saw Blan running down the steps. 'Another snake!" thought I, and went to see. Margaret looked worried. "I found Winsome playing with it," she said, "I think she's been bitten; look at her nose. And now I've lost the snake." (Winsome is a little cat born soon after I came here). We soon found the snake and Blan killed it as neatly as the other. Then we attended to Winsome. Her nose had two spots of blood on one side and had begun to swell. We carried her up to the clinic, taking the dead snake too, to ask the dispenser if it was poisonous. "Very," he said, looking serious. "It's too near the eye for an injection," he added. He mixed a solution and dabbed it liberally on the cat's nose. "It's permanganate of potash" he said; "that's the best I can do."

Back in Margaret's house Winsome sat on the bed, twitched her head, licked her nose, rubbed it with her paw, then decided to go out for a walk. Next day she was quite well, and I am not even sure that she had learned what all the children here know, that snakes are not things to play with.

We do not see snakes often, and they are small ones. All the same it is wise to go about with your eyes open, especially if you are one of the people who live here and never wear shoes.

UNITARIANS IN THE NEWS

Mr. James McCloy, until recently organist of the First Church, Belfast, has received the Ph.D. for a thesis on "The Anthem in the 16th Century."

Mrs. F. Tarr, of Mossley, has been elected to the Urban District Council.

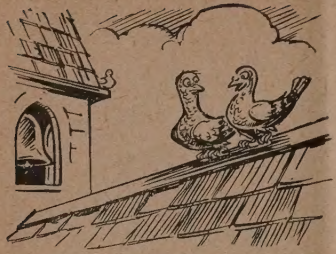
Mr. R. W. Austin, of Knutsford, has been appointed a J.P.

Mr. Martin Smuts, of Cape Town, has completed 50 years as trustee of the Unitarian Church.

Congratulations to two more Unitarian nonagenarians: The Rev. J. Tyssul Davies, B.A., Minister Emeritus of Clifton Church, and Miss Beaumont, President of Sidmouth congregation.

The Rev. Bruce Findlow, B.A., of Dudley, is going to St. Mark's, Edinburgh, in September. The Rev. Basil Viney, of Swansea, is going to Lewes and Ditchling.

Mr. Ronald P. Jones, Treasurer of the General Assembly, has been injured in a street accident but is making satisfactory progress. He is due to open the new Essex Hall in October.



I've been asked to travel in the next Sputnik to see that it gets home safely.

THE RELIGION BEHIND THE RELIGIONS

By A. B. Downing

One of the interesting things about the Chicago Congress of the I.A.R.F. is its title: "To-day's Religions can meet the World's needs to-day." It is a very positive title. Those like myself attending it were united in the conviction that the world sorely needs the hopes and consolations which the various religions express in such different ways.

All the higher religions proclaim that the facts which ultimately matter most are spiritual facts; the presence of Love in the world, the realities of Goodness and Compassion, the respect for Personality, the reverence for Truth. In Chicago we were learning about the light thrown by other religions on these spiritual facts. The Rev. Randall Jones has pointed out that there is such a thing as "the religion behind the religions." We Unitarians, with our lack of dogma, are specially well-placed to help ordinary people to understand what that really means. Although through their religious differences, people may not be united in what they find, they are, or they can be, at least united in what they seek; communion with the Eternal and the Divine in our common experience. Without such communion life is a mere bagatelle of transient things.

NEWS AND VIEWS

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Next year's meetings will be in Leeds, and the Yorkshire Unitarian Union has set itself to raise £400 towards the cost. Headquarters staff are now all ready for the removal from Gordon Square to the new Essex Hall. The operation of getting settled in will occupy most of September and October, and the official opening will be performed on Saturday, October 25th, at 3 o'clock, by Mr. Ronald P. Jones, M.A.

THE CHURCHES

BRADFORD, BROADWAY AVENUE Garden Party in July was opened by Mr. Stanley Jagger, of Pepper Hill. On June 1st, the congregation had a wet time for their visit to PEPPER HILL School Anniversary at which the Broadway choir gave special music. The U.Y.P.L. branch recently took part in the flag day collection of the Bradford Association for the Elderly, raising £30 towards the total.

CHELTENHAM. The Summer Fete raised £25.

CLIFTON. Oakfield Road Garden Party opened by Capt. A. L. Blake, realised over £43.

DONCASTER. On July 6th at evening service Dorothy Kirk was crowned Rose Queen by Councillor Mrs. L. Procter, of Newchurch. Several members have arranged successful coffee evenings in their homes recently, in aid of various church funds.

IRELAND, CLOUGH church Variety Fair realised £130 towords the cost of repairs to and redecoration of the outside of the church and session

om. The Old Meeting House at OIRA has been completely restored d redecorated. At the rededica- on service two gifts were dedicated the minister, the Very Rev. C. M. elly, B.A. A set of individual mmunion cups, and a pulpit bible. he new pulpit drapings were given the Sunday School children.

LIVERPOOL. Thirteen new mem- ers were welcomed at GATEACRE on uly 6th. On the previous evening, he Rev. S. R. and Mrs. Butler were at home" to members of the hurch. The chapel's communion up, a silver two-handled flute up, hallmarked in 1703, had been leaned professionally, but without harge to the chapel.

LONDON. Hackney Sunday School as welcomed several new members, nd recently had a record attendance f 96.

MANCHESTER. A showery day on uly 12th cleared up just in time for he Summer Rally of the Man- hester District Association at ltrincham. Only a few turned up or the ramble starting at 3 o'clock, ut enjoyed a two-hour walk which made then slightly late for tea at . Nearly 50 sat down to an xcellent meal served by the Altrin- ham and Hale Women's Leagues, nd after a service conducted by the ev. A. W. Vallance, the company ere entertained by the Broussa chool girls in a presentation of ans Andersen's "The Nightingale" roduced by Mrs. Needham, of ltrincham. PLATT CHAPEL reports hat the first year of the ministry of two college students, Mr. W. McMillan and Mr. Kenneth Wright, B.A., has shown good results, and Mr. Allen Kirby has been appointed in Mr. Wright's place on the latter's appointment to Walmsley and Halli- well Road as minister.

MOSSLEY. A Young People's Choir has been formed which practises every Wednesday evening. A party from the church visited KNUTSFORD on Tuesday, June 10th, and were shown round the chapel and grounds by the Rev. Albert Smith, who also conducted a service in the chapel.

NEWTON ABBOT. The congregation is planning to clean and decorate the chapel and vestry.

U.Y.P.L. A party of young German Unitarians on a Youth Hostel tour in Great Britain were entertained by the South Lancs. Region when they passed through Manchester in August. A rally held at Altrincham included a short service, an impromptu football match, tea, a dance, a discussion, and overnight stay.

THE INQUIRER

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by W. G. Tarrant, B.A.

Reprinted with additional notes

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The Lindsey Press, 15, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

"If we accept the verdict of science and the Christian religion, we must admit that either all men are brothers, or no men are brothers. Either God is the Father of all men, or he is the Father of none. Either the lives of all children are sacred, or the life of no child is sacred. If the Americans and the English are brothers, then the Americans and the Germans are brothers. If God is the Father o the Chinese, he is the Father of th Japanese. If the life of the (Queen) of England is sacred, then the life of a miner in Wales is sacred . . , If the life of a multi millionaire is precious, then the lif of a share-cropper is precious. I the life of a white child comes from God, then the life of the blackest Negro child comes from God. Either all or none. It is this philosophy that both creates and resolves tension. But it seeks always to brin people together under the rule of God."

Benjamin E. Mays.

BOLTON, Unity Church. On July 20th Dorothy Holehouse was crowned tenth Rose Queen, with a congregation of 225. She is 17, a deputy leader of Primary Sunday School, a Grammar School VIth-former and a sports enthusiast with a healthy interest in current affairs, and speaks at church discussion group.

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The Books of Remembrance are on view and the Garden of Rest is open daily for visitors to bring flowers and sit awhile in the peace and tranquillity of this hallowed place.

For advice on cremation and the special remembrance services please write to the

MANCHESTER,
CREMATORIUM LTD.,
2, COOPER STREET,
MANCHESTER, 2.
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